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May, 1922

WALTER & H. GREAVES

(Pupils of WHISTLER)

THE GOUPIL GALLERY

From the Library of
Frank Simpson

May, 1922
(Ground Floor Galleries)

CATALOGUE
of
Oil Paintings,
Drawings and Etchings
of
CHELSEA, CREMORNE GARDENS,
BATTERSEA & THE RIVER

by
WALTER & H. GREAVES
(Pupils of Whistler)

with
NOTES ON OLD CHELSEA
by WALTER GREAVES

and
FOREWORD
by W. S. MARCHANT

WILLIAM MARCHANT & Co.
THE GOUPIL GALLERY
5 REGENT STREET
LONDON, S.W. 1

Foreword.

THE main feature of the present exhibition is the series of large "Watercolour Views" of Old Chelsea (as their authors called them) signed: H. and W. Greaves.

This is the first time that these drawings have been exhibited collectively in this country, and although they do not represent all the Chelsea subjects which the Brothers Greaves used to paint, one may well enquire whether any other artist working at that time has left a more complete and faithful record of Chelsea—as it existed in the 'sixties and 'seventies. Walter is fortunately still with us, and his reminiscences of the life and places of those bygone days, which are printed herewith, may help to a fuller appreciation of the scenes depicted in the drawings.

Most of the etchings and oil paintings in the present collection figured in our 1911 show, but they have been included, together with some recent drawings by Mr. Walter Greaves, as affording an additional interest to the exhibition, and also for certain other special reasons.

The collaboration of the two brothers in the production of these drawings was not only a charming idea, but also a business-like arrangement. There was apparently in those days quite a demand for these Chelsea views by the brothers Greaves—in many cases replicas being required—and, so that no time should be lost in satisfying the *clientele*, if one brother had to deliver the goods, the other stopped at home and carried on with the unfinished work. Their joint aim, however, was to paint as well as they could and at the same time to be extremely reverent with Chelsea.

Now, as the publication of one single date in the catalogue of the 1911 exhibition resulted in certain people completely losing their heads, and—in consequence of their antics—others nearly losing their reputations, Mr. Greaves and I decided to erase all dates from the present exhibits, except those which

were engraved on the copper plates. I cannot see that dates have any great bearing on the question of the quality of Mr. Greaves' productions, because, where Whistler's influence is plainly visible, the work must undoubtedly have been done after Mr. Greaves had become his pupil; whereas, if in certain other pictures Mr. Greaves reveals thoroughly individual characteristics, it plainly shows that, either he painted before he knew Whistler, or that, after he had become his pupil, his own personality was strong enough to enable him to resist Whistler's influence and to paint his own subjects according to his own ideas. Let anyone examine the "Hammersmith Bridge on Boat Race Day" with this in mind.

I have no wish to revive barren controversies, but I do maintain that those people who in the past were audacious enough to accuse Mr. Walter Greaves of having appropriated as his own productions certain works which really were Whistler's, should long ago have substantiated their statements. Failing which, or an ample apology, they should, at least, for ever have held their peace.

Unfortunately in their recent book called "The Whistler Journal," the Pennells—arch-culprits in this connection—not only have not seen fit to withdraw any of the serious charges they made against Mr. Greaves in the *New York Times*, May 24th, 1911, and in the New York paper, *The Nation*, of June 8th, 1911,* but, on the contrary, seem to have striven to keep alive the atmosphere of suspicion which they had originally created by their first accusations.

I will therefore take up their points and, as briefly as possible, endeavour to show the absurdity of their contentions.

First of all, with reference to the engraving No. 13 in this catalogue, entitled "Barges, Lime Wharf, Chelsea," the question has been fully treated in "*A Reply to an Attack.*" Suffice it here to say that Mr. Pennell, in May, 1911, insisted that

*The unworthy article in *The Nation* was signed N.N., but Mrs. Pennell, by publishing in "The Whistler Journal" her diary for May 4th, 1911, has now plainly—though perhaps unwittingly—revealed N.N.'s identity.

this plate was originally Whistler's, one which he had begun to work upon in dry-point, that Mr. Greaves, having somehow got hold of it, etched in the background to Whistler's boats, and wrongfully put his name to the plate. Not content with verbally discussing the matter with me, Mr. Pennell wrote on May 7th, 1911, from 3 Adelphi Terrace House, Robert Street, Strand, asking me if I could let him have either "a print or a photo" of my "No. 13, Barges, Lime Wharf, Chelsea," to reproduce in "our catalogue of Whistler's works." Of course I refused. Mr. Greaves subsequently explained to me, although in complete ignorance of Mr. Pennell's assertion, that the plate was a failure when it came out of the acid bath, and that he afterwards strengthened the design by means of dry-point retouches.

No. 13a in the present exhibition, shows conclusively the truth of Mr. Greaves' statement, to the utter destruction of Mr. Pennell's expertise in the matter of Whistler's engraved work.

Mr. Pennell declared in the *New York Times* of May 24th, 1911, that there was "intrinsic evidence that it was Whistler's hand that painted the background of barges which is the chief feature of the Greaves picture of Battersea Bridge." He also asserted in the same article, that several other paintings in the 1911 Greaves exhibition owed "their chief merits to Whistler's brush," instancing the picture called "The Balcony." This picture, a very beautiful one, is still for sale, but I know where I might land myself if I were to sell it as having been even partially painted by Whistler.

Mr. Pennell, in a subsequent communication to a New York paper, declared that there were about a dozen unsigned but perfectly authentic canvases by Whistler in the hands of a London dealer, which had come from the same source as my own. In vain did I challenge Mr. Pennell in the *Pall Mall Gazette* to state where these "Whistlers" were, or whether any of them had been exhibited in the Grafton or Grosvenor Galleries by the International Society of Painters, etc. He

has neither taken up the challenge nor ever once offered the slightest tittle of evidence in support of his statements on the points. In "The Whistler Journal," the Pennells discuss at length a number of Whistlerian canvases purchased by the art dealers, Messrs. Dowdeswell then of Bond Street, and plainly reveal that they considered several of them to be Whistler's work.

Now, of the whole number of canvases which Mr. Greaves had parted with not very long before, one portion was in my possession, and the other in that of Messrs. Dowdeswell; some from the latter figured in various exhibitions of the International Society after 1911; quite a number of them—mostly of the Whistler-Nocturne type—appearing at the inauguration of the New Grosvenor Galleries, New Bond Street. With one or two exceptions, the whole of the Dowdeswell canvases were sold *as Greaveses* at Christie's in 1917, and yet not one of them was then, or has since been, accepted by a single reliable expert as having anything whatever to do with Whistler.* The plain fact of the matter is that Mr. Pennell blundered most egregiously, owing to his ignorance of Mr. Greaves' capabilities and achievements. Instead of simply acknowledging that he had made a very grave error of judgment, though quite a pardonable one under the circumstances, he has preferred ever since

*On page 140 "The Whistler Journal," the Pennells say, "Greaves, after the show in London, signed, we believe, all the paintings and those owned by Dowdeswell which, as we suggested, he was asked to examine." Assuming that to be the case, it would simply mean that Messrs. Dowdeswell had lost faith in their own expertise, as also in that of E. R. and J. Pennell, about the canvases being Whistler's. If there were no Whistlers amongst the Dowdeswell canvases, there were none amongst mine; so where does Mr. Pennell stand?

If accuracy is of the slightest importance in matters of Art history, then I feel it my duty to state that the chapter on "The Greaves" in "The Whistler Journal" is a curious mixture of truth and fiction, especially in those references made to Mr. Greaves' pictures, our exhibitions, and myself. It affords, however, most amusing reading to one who knows the real facts of the case. Some day, I must write the true history of the

to persist in his utterly mistaken pronouncements, leaving poor Mr. Greaves to labour on during all these years under the odious suspicions engendered by his first wild accusations. As a black-and-white artist and an etcher of many years' experience, Mr. Pennell might have been expected to know even a good deal about Whistler's engraved work; yet, what can be thought of his knowledge on that point when, as we now see, he actually wanted to foist on to Whistler the authorship of his pupil's plate, No. 13, "Barges, Lime Wharf, Chelsea"?

After such a serious mistake in the very branch of Art in which he was a practitioner, there remained no justification for Mr. Pennell—who was not a painter—to set himself up as an expert in Whistler's oil paintings, let alone in those of Mr Greaves of which he could at that time have possessed but the flimsiest knowledge.

Artists and others are continually wondering why I bother about Mr. Pennell's assertions, but unfortunately I am forced to do so. He had let loose a poison gas which is still lingering about in too many quarters. For instance, there was a strong endeavour made to turn into a Whistler one of Mr. Greaves' full-length portraits of his sister, "Tinnie," which was bought at the Dowdeswell sale at Christie's in 1917. Mr. Greaves' authorship was disputed; the workmanship, it was asserted, was so magnificent that only Whistler could have painted such a masterpiece. Mr. Greaves was actually asked if, in order to prove that he had told the truth when saying that this portrait was his work, he could get his sister "Tinnie" to write a letter stating that she had posed to him for it! Was ever such an affront offered to a living artist about his own words or works?

It would have been a much easier and certainly more lucrative course for me to have sided with Mr. Pennell and

Greaves affair, not only on account of the importance of the subject, but also and especially because such an extraordinary combination of genuine pathos, unadulterated comedy, and beautiful romance, is too rarely met with in actual life not to be placed on record when it does occur.

allowed him to turn my Greaveses into Whistlers; against the pair of us Mr. Greaves would have had a very poor chance. But no man can serve two masters, and, at the risk of fighting Mr. Pennell, I felt it was my duty to champion the cause of one who has since become a very dear friend indeed, and I have never had occasion to regret my action.

Surely an artist who claims to be the author of certain works has a right to be believed until anyone who dares to contradict him can and does prove the contrary. And further, if the works which an artist claims to have executed are pronounced by his fellow artists as containing qualities of high excellence and ranking amongst the great productions, surely that artist has a right to the recognition and honours which are the ordinary appanage of such attainments.

Those are the principles for which I have fought in the interests of Mr. Greaves, against the forces of what I might call Pennellism, and at the same time I claim to have defended Whistler's reputation by so doing. For instance, I hope that I have prevented Mr. Pennell from ever including Mr. Greaves' plate, No. 13, "Barges, Lime Wharf, Chelsea, in "our catalogue of Whistler's works"; and I do know that, owing to my campaign against Mr. Pennell's *expert* opinions, I have stopped several of Mr. Greaves' pictures being sold here and in America as authentic works by Whistler.

Happily, however, Mr. Walter Greaves has been gradually coming into his own, for he has had the unswerving support of a few most loyal and devoted friends. He has been fêted by his brother artists, receiving from them the highest testimony of their esteem and admiration; the Chelsea Arts Club have bestowed upon him their Honorary Membership; whilst, finally, the President and Council of the Royal Academy, by the purchase out of the Chantrey funds of his famous picture of "Hammersmith Bridge on Boat Race Day," have endowed the nation with one of his works, and thus handed his name down to posterity.

Notes on Old Chelsea

by Walter Greaves

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No. 1

Old Chelsea—Church Street, etc.

I have often been asked by Chelsea residents which part of Chelsea now remaining gives an idea of what it was like in my young days.

Church Street, I think, gives one a good impression of what the place then looked like, for although there have been alterations in some of the houses, there still remains the old-world appearance about Church Street, with the ancient church at the river side end and its general effect of artistic atmosphere. The Rectory is still the same as when I was a boy and I always admired the quaint and dignified look of this early Georgian house. Until the present year, I had only known the house from the outside, but quite recently, owing to the courtesy and kindness of its present occupier, the Venerable, the Archdeacon of Middlesex, who has so generously interested himself on my behalf, I have had the opportunity of inspecting its noble rooms and beautiful grounds.

I remember one very hard winter, when the river was covered with ice and the tide exceptionally high, seeing the water right up to the church door. My father shot porpoises at Chelsea, as also wild duck, snipe and other wild fowl which thronged the river during severe weather.

Justice Walk is a quaint old side-street leading from Church Street into Lawrence Street where the Chelsea China was made.

The old Chelsea fire-engine was kept in a stable about two doors from the church, and it was amusing to see the commotion when a fire occurred, with everybody running to get the key of the door and the old engine being pulled by the waterside men.

The "World's End Passage," leading from Cheyne Walk to the World's End Tavern, has not changed much and still retains its old-time look, somewhat the same as Church Street.

No. 2

Chelsea Creek and Stanley Bridge

As a boy, I used to row up Chelsea Creek which flowed from the Thames at Chelsea to Kensington, under Stanley and Stamford Bridges. Only a small portion of it remains, the rest having been filled in when the railway was built; Chelsea Station now stands on the site. It was very narrow, hardly wide enough for two barges to pass; latterly Stanley Bridge has been widened.

It was very quaint and pretty on the Fulham side of the Creek, with the trees and market gardens, and the old house where Nell Gwynne lived, at the back of which were the Fulham meadows, a noted place for snipe-shooting.

No. 3

Old Chelsea Public Houses

"The Adam and Eve."—The taverns and public houses were undoubtedly a great feature of Old Chelsea. Some of these have disappeared and others been rebuilt. One of the most picturesque was the "Adam and Eve" which was entered from Duke Street. The back part, which faced the river, presented an animated scene on regatta days, being filled with people and gaily decorated with flags. It was a very old building and it is wonderful how it stood the strain on such occasions. It was the headquarters of the Chelsea Regatta Sports.

"The Magpie and Stump," Cheyne Walk, now done away with, was a peculiar looking house; one had to go down a few steps to the bar. Across the road which was very narrow, there was a magpie and stump made in some sort of metal, erected on the edge of the river. A subterranean passage ran from the cellars towards Kensington Palace. My father, with three of his friends, once thought they would explore it, so after opening an iron door and propping it with sticks, they entered the passage with lighted candles. They then came to a second door which they likewise opened, but the air became so foul that the candles went out, and they had to beat a hasty retreat. This passage was probably destroyed when the sewer along the King's Road was made.

"The Black Lion," which faced the rectory in Church Street, was pulled down a good many years ago. It was a picturesque old house and quite in harmony with the surrounding buildings. Old Chelsea residents will probably remember it for its tea gardens and bowling green which were favourite resorts on summer evenings.

"The George the Fourth" was situated in the King's Road at the corner of the Vale.

"The Old Swan Tavern," in the Queen's Road, was a favourite rendez-vous, being built right on the river, and acquired fame as the finishing point of the race for Doggett's Coat and Badge.

Amongst other well-known taverns were the **"Green Man"** in Beaufort Street with trees, tables and seats in front. The **"Don Saltero"** in Cheyne Walk. The **"Goat and Boots,"** a very old house at the end of Park Walk. The **"Queen's Elm"** at the top of Church Street, with a clock in front, and taking its name from the fact that Queen Elizabeth planted an elm there. The **"William the Fourth"** in King Street. The **"Globe"** and **"Six Bells"** in the King's Road. The **"Royal Hospital Tavern"** and the **"Drummer Boy"** in Franklin's Row; and

the "Rising Sun" and the "Waterman's Arms" in Lombard Street, not far from the old Church. I must not forget "The Cricketers" in Cheyne Walk, facing the river, with its steps down to the water as a landing stage. I remember a watchman's box stood opposite this house. One night some lads pushed watchman and box into the river; fortunately the box floated with him in it until some one came along in a boat and rescued him. My mother used to say that when you went to town by the coach, you had to book your seats at the "Cricketers" the day before.

At various times I have made drawings of all these old taverns.

No. 4

"Swan Tavern," Battersea

The "Swan Tavern" at Battersea, which was close to the end of the bridge, was the place where the Volunteer movement was inaugurated, and was also the club room of the Ranelagh and Wellington Yacht Clubs. Its tea gardens faced the river and formed a shady and pleasant resting place in summer; a flight of stone steps led down to the river and served as a landing stage. From the gardens, one obtained a very good view of Old Chelsea, Whistler often going over there in the late evening to take notes for his moonlight picture of the old Chelsea Church.

No. 5

Doggett's Coat and Badge

The time-honoured Race of "Doggett's Coat and Badge," which is rowed annually on the 1st of August by Thames watermen, from the "Old Swan" at London Bridge to the "Old Swan" at Chelsea, was a greater event in those days than it is now. Chelsea lent itself then to every gaiety, the old public houses being crowded, people cheering from the windows, the houses gaily decorated with flags, the noise of guns mixing with the sounds of music, and the river so covered

with boats that one could almost have walked across from one side to the other. In former days, the watermen had to row the race with their working wherries *against* the tide, and it was amusing to see them dodging in and out of the barges, each one trying to get the first place. Steamboats, wherries and shallops, filled with people all cheering, would follow the race, and the whole thing made a very picturesque sight, Chelsea being *en fete* all day.

The Coat and Badge used to be on view in the window of the "Old Swan" Tavern, Queen's Road, Chelsea. It was a red coat with a silver badge. Thomas Doggett, a comedian, left this prize to celebrate the accession of the House of Hanover, he being a staunch Hanoverian.

Nowadays the race is rowed in a more modern boat, the "outrigger," and *with* the tide.

No 6

The Chelsea Regatta

What with guns firing, flags flying, bands playing and the immense crowd of people, Chelsea was pretty lively on the occasion of its annual Regatta. The race was rowed in heats between Chelsea College and Cremorne Gardens for a purse of sovereigns and other prizes subscribed for by the inhabitants of Chelsea.

This Regatta, like the other river races, made a remarkably artistic display of colour, especially as it generally took place on a fine summer's day, with blue skies, white clouds, etc.

The "Adam and Eve," the headquarters of the sports, was crammed with people and one wondered how it stood the strain of such a weight, being a very old building.

The old church entered into the gaiety, flying the white ensign at the top of its tower, and from the windows of the other old buildings, people would be urging on their favourite

rowers, whilst crowds would run along the shore, following the boats and cheering them along. The umpire accompanied the race in a four-oared boat rowed by four watermen. The Duck Hunt which ended the day's sports, was a man in a small dingy being chased by two larger boats and eventually caught, causing considerable amusement amongst the onlookers who afterwards adjourned to the various inns for refreshment and song-singing.

Of course the old Battersea Bridge had its share of the crowd, as likewise the steamboat pier; which put the finishing touches to the scene.

When the embankment was made, all the ancient and picturesque buildings which faced the Thames from the "Old Swan Tavern" to the Old Bridge were pulled down, and that was the end of Chelsea's old Regatta days.

No. 7

Old Battersea Bridge

Old Battersea Bridge has been immortalised by Whistler as a most picturesque and artistic construction, but from the point of view of navigation it was a source of very great danger, many people being drowned through the capsizing of boats and the sinking of barges. I remember a Rochester barge striking the bridge and sinking with a whole family on board, the watermen having to pull out the dead bodies from the cabin with a boat-hook.

The arches, of which there were nineteen, were very narrow and it was very difficult to steer through them unless you knew the set of the tide. The steamboats going to Kew had to be very careful as there were only a few inches of space left on each side of the paddle-boxes. The river traffic increased so much that two wide arches were eventually made, one for the up tide and the other for the down tide. Any number of

coal barges were sunk through striking the piles of the bridge and, when the tide receded, the shore was covered with coal which came in very handy for some of the Chelsea boys.

The old bridge was very strongly built of balks of timber screwed together, and considering the knocks it received it certainly lasted out very well, but it was quite time it was pulled down and the present bridge built. Living as I did for so many years facing the bridge, I was always well provided with thrills.

No. 8

"The Female Blondin"

Miss Lucy Young, called "The Female Blondin," crossed the Thames five times, at various intervals, on a tight-rope extending from Battersea to Cremorne Gardens. E. T. Smith, of Cremorne Gardens, who organised the affair, used to convey the lady to the Battersea side in a carriage, the enthusiastic crowd, on more than one occasion, unhorsing the carriage and dragging it themselves. At the first attempt, everyone was anxiously waiting for the lady's appearance: suddenly there was a huge cheer as she was seen running up the rope from the Battersea side. When she was about three parts across, all at once she stopped. It soon transpired that something was the matter with the rope, as she suddenly threw her pole into the river and slid down one of the guy ropes into a boat. She however accomplished the feat quite successfully four times afterwards.

It was impossible even to attempt to give in our drawing any adequate idea of the immense crowds that used to congregate on these occasions, for the river was simply black with boats and people. Needless to add that the water-side public houses would all be sold out by the evening.

Cremorne Gardens were originally the grounds of Cremorne House, the residence of Lord and Lady Cremorne, the house itself becoming the hotel. It was a low building with a large room on the ground floor and was well patronised; a fine lawn in front sloped down to the river and it was from this lawn that the balloons ascended. Balloon ascents were very popular; the balloons were taken to Nine Elms to be inflated, then brought up the river by a steam boat, passed over Old Battersea Bridge, and finally landed into the Gardens for the evening ascent. I have seen them go up with a horse and an ox suspended from the car, but I think that was stopped by the authorities. Once a flying man was suspended from a balloon and when in mid-air was cut adrift, but he crashed down in Robert Street, close to St. Luke's Church, and was killed.

The Gardens offered many other attractions such as Blondin walking on a tight rope over the lawn, pushing a barrow of fireworks; the Italian Brothers, as they were called, revolving on trapezes high up in the air; Harry Boleno's imitation of Greek sculpture (a very clever performance); and especially the dancing on the platform.

In the principal theatre some very good ballets were given, especially one called the "Bridal of Beauty" with some lively songs and music. Tom Matthews acted and sang in it and there was a gorgeous transformation scene.

The fireworks were a great feature of Cremorne and sometimes grand spectacular displays like the "Siege of Gibraltar," were held on the river, with the Citizen Steamboats taking part, the effect being very pretty with the reflections in the water. Whistler was particularly fascinated with the fireworks, making pictures of them like the "Line Rocket," the "Falling Rocket," etc. He also painted a view taken from the platform

showing the corner of the theatre with figures moving about. He was continually in the gardens and considered them a most charming place.

Children's Fêtes were of frequent occurrence, and the roasting in the winter, of an ox whole, to be distributed to the poor of Chelsea, was another event much appreciated by the recipients.

The flower beds were very prettily laid out and formed an attractive feature of the place, but of course Cremorne looked its best at night, when the hotel and the Chinese bandstand were outlined with coloured lights and the whole of the gardens were brilliantly illuminated. One of the walks, called the Italian Walk, had full-length figures holding lamps, and the principal walk which led to the King's Road entrance, had lighted arches fixed to the trees. On one side was a figure of Wellington and on the other one of Buonaparte.

What enjoyable evenings those were when we used to sit with Whistler at the windows of the hotel and look down on the wonderful scene below; the whole place ablaze with thousands of lamps, and the crowds of dancers, with their multi-coloured dresses, all moving round the brilliantly lighted bandstand, to the strains of an excellent orchestra playing the "Derby Gallop" and the noted Waltzes of the day!

The height of Cremorne's popularity was before the days of early closing, but when the new Act came into force there was a great falling off. The dancing came to an end and in its place "tableaux vivants" were introduced, staged on a revolving platform to a musical accompaniment; but they were a failure—it was no longer Cremorne.

No. 10

Whistler

In the early years of our acquaintance, Whistler was continually in and out of our house, and our families were very united. He was fond of making sketches of my sister, "Tinnie,"

in chalk on brown paper; he used to say she had such a wonderfully shaped head. We all treated him like a brother; he was very fond of my mother, and, in fact, would do anything for any of us. My sisters made him a carpet of black and white tapes, the one Miss Alexander stood on for her portrait; it took a long time to make and was very uncommon; Whistler was extremely pleased with it. One day, he came to our house and said he was going to act in a piece at the Albert Hall called "Twenty minutes under an umbrella." My sister, "Tinnie," rehearsed it with him; there was a lot of flirtation in it—Whistler was always up to that sort of thing—and the play was a great success. He had a friend, Horace Gee, whom he made his secretary and who was a very clever amateur-pianist, although he didn't know a note of music. On one occasion they wanted to take my sisters to the promenade concert at Covent Garden Theatre. When Whistler and my sister, "Tinnie," had got into the cab, he told her that he had no money; so she said, "Then what's the use of going out?" and wanted to return home, but Whistler made the cabman pull up at a small tobacconist's shop and borrowed a few pounds from the woman who kept it, then jumping back into the cab said: "Now, Miss Tinnie, we can enjoy ourselves"; which they all did, coming back late and finishing up with a dance at our old house. Whistler used to think that money business a great joke, but I could never see it in that light; that is why, when he asked me to go to Venice with him, I refused because I knew we should have trouble. He used to say that he liked owing money because it made people call and enquire after his health. All his spare time he loved to be on the river. He soon learned to row and we have often spent whole nights on the water, especially moonlight nights; he would generally dress in ducks, with a sailor hat and a little blue coat—quite a dandy. He was quite pleased with himself and used to say to Tinnie, "Don't you think I make a nice little sailor-boy?"

No. 11**Portrait of Mr. Leyland**

Mr. Leyland's portrait took a long time to paint. Whistler never seemed satisfied with the day's work, constantly rubbing out and then painting in again. Eventually, in order that the lines of the body should be perfect, he got a well-known Italian model named Fosco to pose nude for the figure. Whistler would first of all paint in the figure in flesh-colour distemper, then add on the dress suit, then go over it in oil colour, then rub it all out and begin all over again. After about a year and a half he finished it and then said to me, "Now then, Walter, don't you think it is a very beautiful picture?" and it did turn out a very fine work of art, but the painting of it was a caution.

No. 12**Whistler's Portrait of his Mother**

His Mother's portrait went along much better, in fact Whistler was not longer than two or three days finishing it. One day as he was cleaning it with a damp rag, it went all blue; he got very frightened and said: "Walter, what's to be done, do you think it will ever come right again?" "Oh! yes! we have had plenty of that in our time," I replied, so we placed it a little distance from the fire and it soon returned to its proper colour. He painted this portrait with a lot of linseed oil and little colour, and on the back of the canvas so as to imitate the grain of the dress and of the handkerchief. Whistler thought this portrait of his Mother his finest work. Like the Leyland portrait, it was painted at No. 2 Lindsey Row, now Cheyne Walk.

No. 13**Whistler's Mother**

Whistler's mother was very fond of the members of our family; she was a charming old lady and extremely sympathetic, if a little strict. I remember her being very much shocked one

Sunday morning when, returning from Church, she found us all at work painting decorative panels in the hall. One day, when Whistler was away in the country, she came into the studio and wanted to see Mr. Leyland's portrait, asking me at the same time how her son was getting on with it. I said, "All right," not caring to show her the picture as the figure was at that time painted in the nude (in distemper). However, she so insisted on seeing it, that I had no alternative but to turn the canvas round from the wall. Then she remarked, "Oh dear! oh dear! I thought the picture was finished a long while ago; when will my son finish it?"

She was a very religious lady and used to say that she liked being up in her bedroom because there she felt nearer her Maker.

WALTER GREAVES.

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CATALOGUE

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Mr. Walter Greaves is the sole author of the Etchings, Watercolours and Oil Paintings, excepting those marked with an asterisk, which are by H. & W. Greaves.

The material for the descriptive notes has been supplied by Mr. Walter Greaves.

Small Gallery

Etchings

- 1 Old Putney Bridge
- 2 Lindsey Row
- 3 Cadogan Pier, Chelsea
- 4 Barges near the Bridge
- 5 Battersea, the Railway Bridge
- 6 In Cremorne Gardens
- 7 Chelsea Regatta

- 8 Old Battersea Bridge (after two arches had been widened)

Dry Point

- 9 Off Cremorne Road

Etchings

- 10 Lindsey Houses, from the River

- 11 The Band Stand, Cremorne Gardens

- 12* "The Black Lion," Church Street, Chelsea

- 13 Barges, Lime Wharf, Chelsea (with retouches in dry point)

(This is the plate which Mr. Pennell said was begun in dry point by Whistler. The matter is discussed in the Foreword).

- 13a Barges, Lime Wharf, Chelsea

(First state, before Mr. Walter Greaves strengthened the design with retouches in dry point).

- 14 "The Adam and Eve," Chelsea

- 15 The Artist's Mother

- 16 Henry Greaves
- 17 Old Battersea Bridge (before Alteration)
- 18 Furled Sails
- 19 Lindsey Wharf
- 20 Cremorne Gates
- 21 The Balloon, Cremorne Gardens
- 22 A Rowing Match
- 23 Duke Street, Chelsea
- 24 Lindsey Wharf—Upright
- 25 Barges, Misty Morning
- 26 Cremorne—Fireworks Gallery and Buffet
- 27 Cremorne—Bandstand and Dancing Platform

28 World's End Passage

29 Snow Scene, Battersea

Watercolours

30* Old Chelsea Church

(Showing Archway leading to Duke Street and Battersea Bridge)

31† Chelsea Creek and Stanley Bridge

32 Nos. 1 and 2 Lindsey Row

(No. 1 [on the right] was inhabited by Brunel, the Engineer, and later on by Madame Venturi, a friend of Whistler's. No. 2 [on the left] was Whistler's second house in Lindsey Row).

33 Church Street, Chelsea

34 Mr. Walter Greaves rowing Whistler on the Thames

35 Thomas Carlyle

36* Corner of Beaufort Street, Chelsea

†Nos. 31, 35 and 38 to 52 are recent drawings by Mr. Walter Greaves.

- 37* Carlyle's House, Cheyne Row
- 38 Turner's House, Cremorne Road
- 39 The Toll House, Old Battersea Bridge
- 40 "The Globe," King's Road, Chelsea
- 41 Interior of "The Old Swan," Chelsea
- 42 "The Don Saltero" Tavern, Cheyne Walk
- 43 "The White Hart," Duke Street, Chelsea
- 44 "The Swan Tavern" Tea Gardens, Battersea
- 45 "The Magpie and Stump," Cheyne Walk
- 46 "The Six Bells," King's Road
- 47 "The Green Man," Beaufort Street
- 48 "The William the Fourth," King Street

- 49 "The Swan" Tavern and Freeman's Lead Works,
Battersea
- 50 "The Royal Hospital" Tavern, Franklin's Row
- 51 "The Black Lion," Church Street
- 52 The Jetty, Lindsey Wharf

Large Gallery

Watercolours

53* Franklin's Row, Old Chelsea

54* Cheyne Walk

55* Battersea, from Lindsey Row

56* Cheyne Walk, Old Chelsea

57* Duke Street, Old Chelsea

Oil Paintings

58 A Grey Morning

59 "The Old Swan" Tavern—Pleasure Barge

(The gaily decorated and elegant white barge in this picture was a pleasure boat built by Mr. Greaves, Senr., and hired out by parties going to Richmond. See also Mr. Greaves's note No. 5).

60 "The Black Lion," Moonlight

Watercolours

61* Bishop's Walk, Old Chelsea

62* Cremorne Gardens

(Showing the Stooping Venus Fountain, the Theatre entrance, the Dancing Platform and Band Stand, with Hotel in background).

63* Barges at Lindsey Wharf

Oil Paintings

64 Chelsea Regatta

64a The Thames, Battersea, Early Morning

Watercolours

65* Lindsey Houses

(Also called Lindsey Row and now Cheyne Walk. Starting from the left, the first white house was that of Mr. Greaves's family; the third from it was Whistler's first Chelsea residence, in which he painted his Japanese pictures and "The Little White Girl." The house with bay windows was Mr. Mitford's (afterwards Lord Redesdale) and, in more recent times, the late Sir Hugh P. Lane's. The next house, the one with the Balcony, was the residence of John Martin, the Scriptural painter. This was also the principal entrance to Lindsey Palace in former days. The last house on the right of the Lindsey Palace group was Whistler's second residence in Chelsea and it was here that his mother lived with him. Whistler used to say to Miss Tinnie Greaves, "You are the pride of one end of the Row and I am the pride of the other.")

66* The Lawn, Cremorne Gardens

(The central building was the Fireworks Gallery. The big reflector over the Refreshment Booth projected a bright red light towards the waterside entrance. The figures represent Mr. Walter Greaves, with his brother Henry and his sister, Miss Alice Foy Greaves (Tinnie).

67* Lindsey Wharf and Cremorne Road

(In the distance, the waterside entrance to Cremorne Gardens).

68* Old Battersea Bridge

69* Cheyne Walk, Old Chelsea, from the River

Oil Painting

70 Lawrence Street

Watercolours

71* Lombard Street, Old Chelsea

72* Old Battersea Bridge

73* "The Cricketers" and "The Thames Coffee House,"
Cheyne Walk

(The little man sitting in the doorway was a well-known Chelsea character, "Wackey Allsopp," who sold lobsters; "and jolly nice lobsters they were, too," said Mr. Greaves).

Oil Paintings

74 Lawrence Street, A Chelsea Pensioner

75 On the Chelsea Embankment

(Mr. Walter Greaves and Miss Alice Greaves).

76 Old Battersea Bridge

77 The River, Bright Morning

Watercolours

78* Cheyne Walk and Cadogan Pier

79* Building the New Battersea Bridge

80* The Female Blondin

81* Lombard Street, Old Chelsea

Oil Paintings

82 Battersea Reach, Moonlight

83 Portrait of Henry Greaves

84 Old Chelsea and "The Adam and Eve"

85 The Saw Mills, Battersea, Moonlight

Watercolours

86* Duke Street, Old Chelsea

(Showing the shop of Hargreave Morrison who was said to have caused Whistler's bankruptcy).

87* Barges, Chelsea

(The Greaves' boat station).

88* The Old Chelsea Bun House

89* Old Cheyne Walk

(The house with balcony was the residence of Mr. Greaves' grandfather. For a time Pugin, the architect, lived next door).

90 Whistler

91 The Artist's Mother

92 Lindsey Row

93 The Greaves Family Arms

(As painted by W. & H. Greaves on their father's boats).

The Artists' General Benevolent Institution
and
The Artists' Orphan Fund.

3 Charles Street, St. James' Square, S.W. 1.

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A REPLY TO AN ATTACK

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pupil of Whistler, Mr. Walter Greaves,
and his works.

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